

## Multiverse 194

Chapter 194: You've Shown It—So What?

At this moment, the full moon had already risen into the sky, the night completely descending, plunging all of Seireitei into darkness.

Unlike the World of the Living, the Soul Society did not use electricity—lamps were lit with oil—so there was no such thing as a brightly lit night.

But since Ryoka had invaded, and the Captain Commander had already issued the order to search for the intruders overnight, one could now see torches moving through the streets and alleys of Seireitei, dots of firelight piercing the darkness.

In such circumstances, not far from the Third Division's barracks, near the water's edge, there wasn't a single flicker of firelight.

The Executive Militia were dressed entirely in black, their faces covered, their whole bodies seemingly blending into the night—yet faint killing intent emanated from them.

Sui-Fēng looked at the calm-faced Kaiser in front of her and took a deep breath.

"You're not even bothering to come up with an excuse now?"

Her tone had gone cold, showing just how bad her mood was.

Kaiser, on the other hand, appeared not the least bit concerned with the surrounding Executive Militia or even the Second Division's Captain in front of him, speaking with composure.

"I was indeed planning to take a stroll first, since I haven't decided where to go yet." Kaiser raised his fingers and counted as he spoke. "Should I go to the Palace of Penitence first? Or maybe Central 46? Or perhaps I'll just meet with those Ryoka?"

"I haven't even decided yet, and you all showed up."

"So no, I'm not making any excuses."

Suì-Fēng's expression grew extremely grim.

"Go back," she said coldly. "If you return now, I'll pretend I saw nothing."

"How could I?" Kaiser smiled faintly. "Aren't we supposed to be capturing Ryoka? How could I just go back and sit idle?"

"A few Ryoka hardly require a Captain's intervention," Suì-Fēng said expressionlessly. "Besides, that muscle-head Kenpachi has already moved out. He's more than enough."

"That's not necessarily true," Kaiser shook his head, speaking meaningfully. "That guy Kenpachi won't go all out just to catch a few Ryoka. On the contrary, he might even hold back to enjoy the fight—giving his opponents the upper hand."

"To enjoy battle, that guy might not even fight seriously. Forget Zanjutsu—even that eyepatch of his, he won't remove it until the last moment."

"If his opponent is the type that grows stronger mid-battle, even bursting out with hidden power—then his outcome is only one."

"And that's defeat."

Kaiser's words, like a prophecy, failed to sway Suì-Fēng in the slightest.

"Don't think just because you beat Kenpachi once you can look down on him," Suì-Fēng responded unfazed. "No matter what, he's a monster who became a Captain with nothing but a sword, without mastering Bankai or even Shikai."

"He took down the former Captain of the Eleventh Division to get where he is. A battle maniac like him—how could a few Ryoka beat him?"

"Is that so?" Kaiser chuckled indifferently. "So that's why Captain Sui-Fēng had the free time to come monitor me in person?"

"Your words are too dangerous, Kaiser," Sui-Fēng's tone remained cold. "The Soul Society has operated under its current order for who knows how many years. A newcomer not even a hundred years old like you—what gives you the right to challenge it?"

"All over a few unresolved anomalies?"

"Don't make me laugh. Compared to the millions of years of Soul Society's history, what are a few anomalies worth?"

Her meaning was obvious: Kaiser was making a mountain out of a molehill.

The Soul Society had existed for an unfathomably long time. Its current system had been around for ages. Central 46's history even predates the Gotei 13—what could possibly go wrong?

So what if there were a few anomalies? The Soul Society had always survived them.

Sui-Fēng knew well that some things weren't about whether there were problems—but about not probing too deep. Otherwise, one would only invite disaster.

The number of Noble Clans in Seireitei was not large, but not small either. There were even rumored Royalty and Royal Guards—perhaps scheming in the shadows, aiming for certain goals or profits.

And their actions could well be the root of the so-called "anomalies."

Take Rukia Kuchiki for example. No matter what, she was part of the Kuchiki Clan—the foremost of the Four Great Noble Clans. Being sentenced to double execution was clearly extreme, but who knew if it wasn't a rival noble's plot?

This was a clash between great Noble Clans. It had little to do with the Gotei 13. At most, it was the Sixth Division's business—certainly not something for others to meddle in.

Sui-Fēng herself came from a Noble background and was also the head of the Executive Militia and Commander of the Onmitsukidō. She had seen countless dark corners of Seireitei, and so she would never question Central 46 or challenge the authority of the Soul Society over a few anomalies.

But if Kaiser, as a Captain, tried to approach such matters—things that shouldn't be touched—then she couldn't stand idly by. She would have to stop him, even destroy him preemptively.

Sui-Fēng believed this was also what Genryūsai Shigekuni Yamamoto thought.

Thus, she would not ignore Kaiser's actions during this critical moment.

Of course, Kaiser found this somewhat laughable.

"This is your reason for ignoring everything and blindly obeying?" Kaiser said mockingly. "Not bad. Pretty original. First time I've heard of resolving crises by watching comrades instead of investigating the actual anomalies."

"Looks like the Gotei 13 is even more useless than I thought."

Sui-Fēng's expression turned frosty, Reiatsu radiating coldly from her body.

"As a Captain of the Gotei 13, you should know what to do."

She actually said that.

"Is that so?" Kaiser squinted, suddenly smiling. "But I heard that over a hundred years ago, a certain Captain once broke into Central 46 and rescued a friend."

"What was that Captain's name again?"

"Pretty sure she was from a noble house too?"

Kaiser pretended to rack his brain. After a moment, as if remembering, he casually spoke.

"I remember now—her name was Shihōin—"

Before he could finish, a figure flashed before him at lightning speed.

"Bang!"

With a muffled impact, a shockwave burst between them.

The person who had appeared in front of Kaiser struck with a powerful palm—but Kaiser blocked it with one hand, causing the blast and impact wave.

Sui-Fēng glared at Kaiser, her face no longer impassive—now filled with visible fury across her still-youthful features.

"Don't..."

She growled out.

"Don't ever mention that person's name in front of me!"

At this moment, it was as if Sui-Fēng had been provoked at her most sensitive spot. Her Reiatsu, previously restrained, erupted like a dam bursting.

Without warning, she lifted her leg and kicked at Kaiser's side—her leg wind sharp like a blade, painful even before contact.

"Whoosh!"

Kaiser vanished in an instant, evading the kick.

But Sui-Fēng vanished right after, reappearing alongside Kaiser in another direction.

"Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!"...

A flurry of impacts echoed through the air. Kaiser and Sui-Fēng appeared sometimes on the left, sometimes on the right, sometimes in midair, sometimes on the ground, using expert-level Shunpo and shocking speed to engage in a fierce hand-to-hand battle.

Only now did the Executive Militia react, attempting to charge forward and attack Kaiser—but to their horror, they realized they couldn't even see the two's movements clearly, much less keep up with their Shunpo.

And these were Onmitsukidō members renowned for mobility.

Just like how Fourth Division might lack combat power but excel at Kaidō, and Eleventh Division was weak at Kidō but strong in combat—Onmitsukidō members might not use Shikai or Bankai, but they definitely excelled in Shunpo.

Yet they couldn't follow Kaiser and Sui-Fēng's Shunpo. They couldn't even see their silhouettes. That was shocking.

They could understand Sui-Fēng's speed—she was their Captain, Commander of the Onmitsukidō. Of course she was fast.

But that the Third Division's Captain Kaiser could fight her evenly, matching her in speed and agility—that was stunning.

What they didn't know was that Kaiser wasn't even fighting seriously.

"Are you looking down on me?!"

Sui-Fēng knew this all too well. Her fury surged uncontrollably.

"In the Captain's meeting, your Shunpo wasn't just at this level!"

"So where is it now? Show it to me!"

"Show it to me!"

With that, Sui-Fēng's attacks accelerated.

One had to admit, her Hakuda was exceptionally strong. Her close-quarters skills ranked among the best Kaiser had ever encountered.

She was an all-rounder—proficient in Zanjutsu, Hakuda, Shunpo, and Kidō—but of the four Zankensōki techniques, Hakuda and Shunpo were undoubtedly her specialties.

Facing her Hakuda, Kaiser, who hadn't drawn his sword, naturally fell into a defensive stance—barely managing to block everything.

No helping it. Of the four techniques, Kaiser's weakest was Hakuda. Without drawing his blade, he couldn't match a Captain-level expert in Hakuda.

Yet his expression remained as relaxed and calm as ever.

Especially after hearing Sui-Fēng's words, the corners of Kaiser's mouth curled upward.

In her fury, Sui-Fēng failed to notice Kaiser's expression. She formed a knife-hand with her palm and thrust it straight toward Kaiser's chest.

"Pfft!"

The next second, her strike stabbed through Kaiser's chest, piercing his body entirely.

But rather than delight, Sui-Fēng was alarmed.

"No good!"

She realized something and whipped around.

At that moment, the figure she had pierced vanished like an illusion.

Kaiser appeared behind her, face to face just as she turned.

Sui-Fēng reached for the Zanpakutō at her back, but before she could draw it, a hand pressed down on her shoulder.

"—!"

Sui-Fēng's expression changed dramatically.

The figure in front of her vanished again like an illusion, replaced by the voice of the one now gripping her shoulder.

"You've shown it... so what?"

That simple sentence made Sui-Fēng grit her teeth and tremble all over.

She was holding herself back, afraid that if she drew her blade, the hand on her shoulder would strike before she could even turn.

Though it didn't show, Sui-Fēng could feel it—the palm pressing down was gathering spiritual power ready to explode.

Sensing that massive power, she had every reason to believe that if she moved, in the very next instant, a Hadō of at least level eighty would blast her shoulder, her arm, and half her body apart at point-blank range.

"Whoosh!" "Whoosh!" "Whoosh!" "Whoosh!"...

At that moment, the Executive Militia who had fallen behind finally caught up, using Shunpo to surround Kaiser and Sui-Fēng again.

"Stand down!"

Seeing them about to charge Kaiser directly, Sui-Fēng immediately shouted to stop them.

"Wise decision," Kaiser's voice came from behind her, as if praising. "Rushing in now would only anger me—and drag you down too. Nothing good would come of it."

"...What are you trying to do?" Sui-Fēng didn't turn her head. She didn't dare. She clenched her teeth and said, "Are you really going to defy Central 46 and challenge the Soul Society's authority?"

"Who knows." Kaiser's hand remained on her shoulder. He smiled faintly. "At the very least, I won't blindly obey like you all."

With that, he withdrew his hand and turned away.

"Instead of wasting time with me, you'd be better off chasing down those Ryoka." Kaiser said to Sui-Fēng. "Here's a little tip."

"There's a black cat among the Ryoka."

"That black cat... is probably the one you've been looking for all this time."

Sui-Fēng's eyes widened.

"You say wh—"

She turned, about to question him—only to find Kaiser already gone.

She could only stand there in a daze, her expression dark and conflicted.

Not long after, Sui-Fēng withdrew her troops.

At the same time, within Seireitei, a figure began desperately searching for the Ryoka.